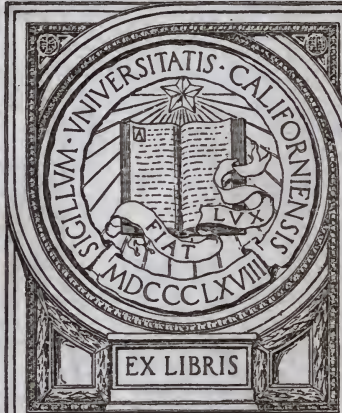
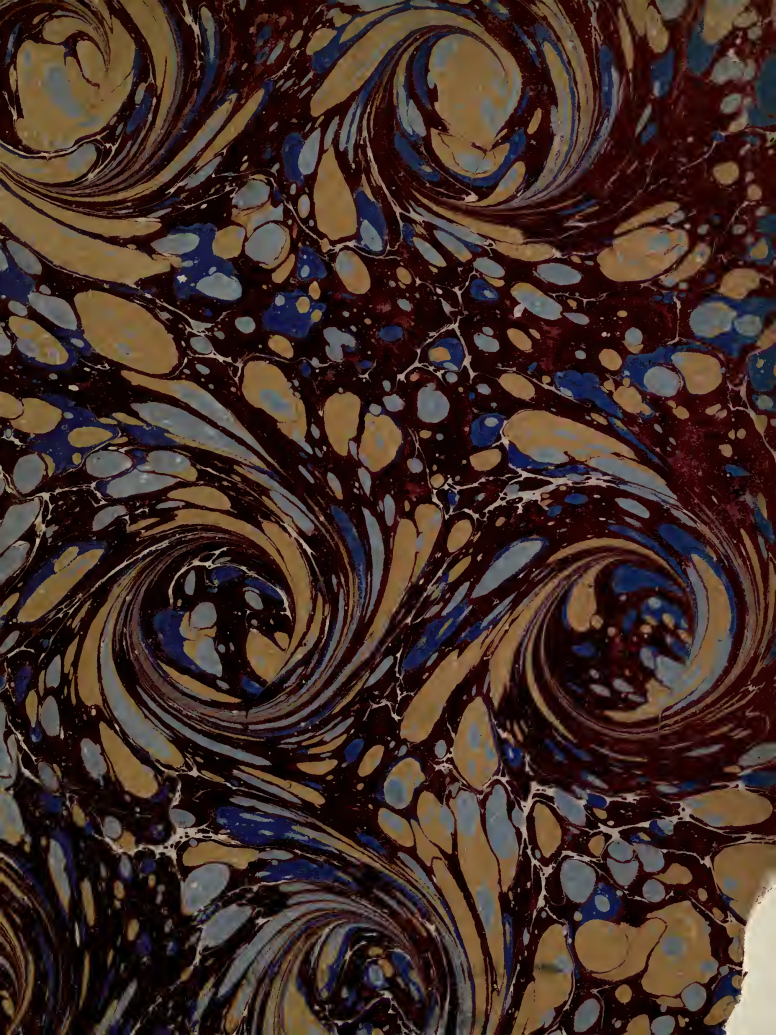




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



25/50

# THE ROSE

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

With Illustrations



*Wm* *Keegan*

BOSTON

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY

LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

1878

146124

W  
E  
L  
C  
H  
B  
I  
C  
E  
L  
O  
W  
&  
C  
O  
U  
N  
I  
V  
E  
R  
S  
I  
T  
Y  
P  
R  
E  
S  
S

COPYRIGHT, 1877.  
By JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.



6-6-31

PS  
2314  
R72

## List of Illustrations.

ENGRAVED BY A. V. S. ANTHONY.

- "In his tower sat the poet" . . . . . C. S. REINHART.
- "On the rock the billow bursteth" . . . R. SWAIN GIFFORD.
- "Take, O sea! the tender blossom" . . C. S. REINHART.
- "Forth into the night he hurled it" . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.
- "Foam and spray drive back to leeward" A. R. WAUD.
- "Stands a maiden, on the morrow" . . MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.
- "Touch not, sea, the blessed letters" . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.
- "Brings a little rose, and throws it" . . C. S. REINHART.
- "Full of bliss she takes the token" . . MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.
- "The ocean's fierce unrest" . . . . . R. SWAIN GIFFORD.
- "In his tower sits the poet" . . . . . C. S. REINHART.
- "Up the beach the ocean slideth" . . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.
- "Maiden lips, with love grown bolder" . C. S. REINHART.
- Tail-Piece . . . . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.
- Vignette—Rose . . . . . F. T. MERRILL.

Diad 7.16/30







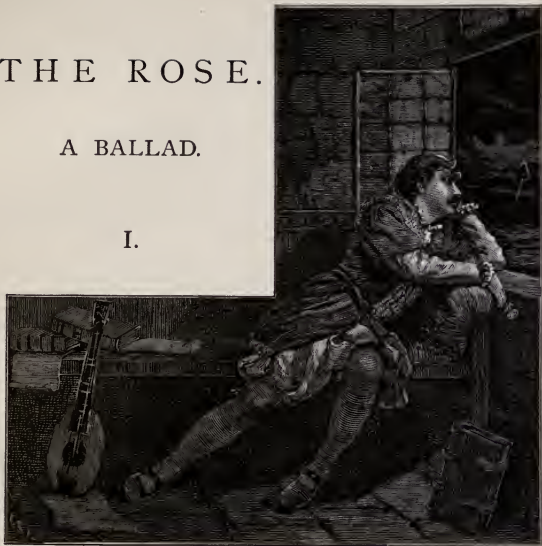


THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

# THE ROSE.

A BALLAD.

I.



In his tower sat the poet

Gazing on the roaring sea,



*The Rose.*

“ Take this rose,” he sighed, “and throw it

Where there 's none that loveth me.

On the rock the billow bursteth

And sinks back into the seas,

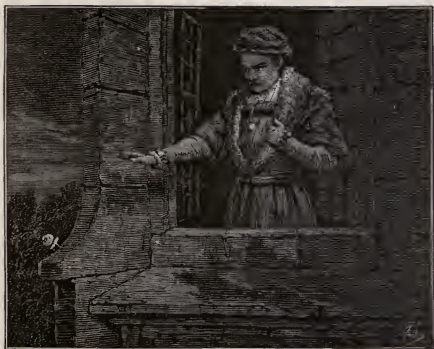




*The Rose.*

But in vain my spirit thirsteth

So to burst and be at ease.



Take, O sea! the tender blossom

That hath lain against my breast;





*The Rose.*

On thy black and angry bosom

It will find a surer rest.

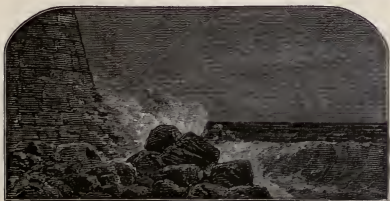
Life is vain, and love is hollow,

Ugly death stands there behind,

Hate and scorn and hunger follow

Him that toiled for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,





*The Rose.*

And with bitter smile did mark  
How the surly tempest whirled it  
Swift into the hungry dark.  
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,



And the gale, with dreary moan,  
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,  
Through the breakers all alone.





II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,  
Musing by the wave-beat strand,



*The Rose.*

Half in hope and half in sorrow

Tracing words upon the sand:

“Shall I ever then behold him

Who hath been my life so long,—

Ever to this sick heart fold him,—

Be the spirit of his song?

Touch not, sea, the blessed letters

I have traced upon thy shore,







*The Rose.*

Spare his name whose spirit fetters

Mine with love forevermore!"



Swells the tide and overflows it,

But, with omen pure and meet,

Brings a little rose, and throws it

Humbly at the maiden's feet.



*The Rose.*



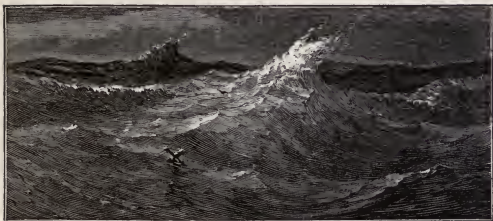
Full of bliss she takes the token,  
And, upon her snowy breast,



*The Rose.*

Soothes the ruffled petals broken

With the ocean's fierce unrest.



“Love is thine, O heart! and surely

Peace shall also be thine own,

For the heart that trusteth purely

Never long can pine alone.”





III.

In his tower sits the poet,

Blisses new and strange to him





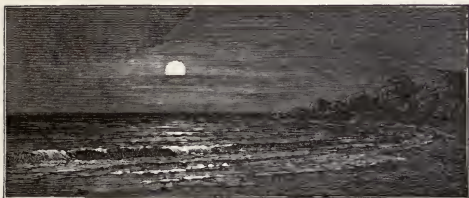
*The Rose.*

Fill his heart and overflow it

With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth

With a whisper of delight,



And the moon in silence glideth

Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder



The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the low resolution and blurriness of the scan. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to the image above.

*The Rose.*



Flows a maiden's golden hair,  
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,  
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.  
"Life is joy, and love is power,  
Death all fetters doth unbind,



*The Rose.*

Strength and wisdom only flower

When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth,— the future giveth

More than present takes away,

And the soul forever liveth

Nearer God from day to day.”

Not a word the maiden uttered,

Fullest hearts are slow to speak,

But a withered rose-leaf fluttered

Down upon the poet's cheek.















UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA  
AT  
LOS ANGELES  
LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

University of California Library  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

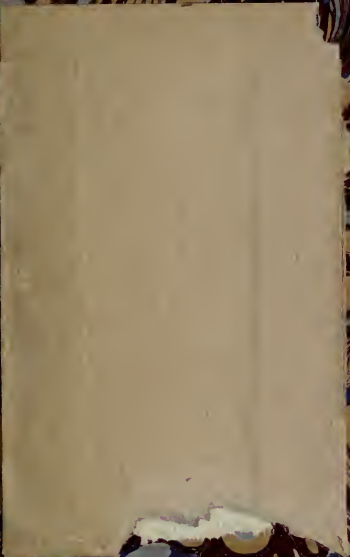
Phone Renewals  
310/825-9188

APR 07 2003

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA-LOS ANGELES



L 008 390 496 1



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

© 1998 BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS